

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Mr. SHACKLETON has pointed out the freedom from colds which he and his companions enjoyed in the Antarctic, there is some talk of Captain Scott getting over the difficulty in regard to funds by taking with him on his expedition a limited number of persons suffering from chronic catarrh as paying guests.

Dr. Cook, it has been asserted, is of Jewish origin, being a descendant of a family named Kocur. A still more interesting rumour now reaches us. It is to the effect that the two Eskimos who accompanied him are also Semites, the word Eskimo being a local contraction of Eskimoses.

Scarcely have we been reminded that the apparition of Halley's Comet has usually portended a grave disaster than a rumour reaches us to the effect that yet a third lady novelist is about to cease writing.

Meanwhile we are told that Halley's Comet, though still invisible to the naked eye, has been photographed in Germany, England and America. To give them this kind of preliminary boom, as if they were mere Music-Hall Stars, is scarcely the way to encourage such rare visitors.

Preparations continue to be made for the reception of the Dukes in their new homes. The Camberwell Guardians have now laid out a lawn tennis court in the infirmary grounds for the use of pauper inmates.

Every day one comes across fresh evidence that the upper classes are doomed. The Great Western Railway is now abolishing second-class.

The spread of Socialism again:—
"EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY."
SEE OUR
SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.
Daily Mail.

Satisfactory results are reported by those visitors who partook of the life-prolonging sweets which were shown at the London Medical Exhibition. Every one of such persons has lived longer since taking these wonderful bon-bons.

It has been ascertained that the flamingo which was recently shot on the marshes at Bradwell, Essex, was one which escaped from the Zoological Gardens some months ago. The sad affair has cast a gloom over Regent's Park, where the deceased was well known, but it is thought that it may serve a useful purpose as a warning to those animals who are always chafing for emancipation.

"In the midst of the deluge," we read in an account of the South Wales floods, "the regular water supply of Aberavon was cut off." The same economy, we understand, is practised in many Scotch towns where the street lamps are extinguished on moonlight nights.

Someone has blundered again. The advertisement of the second part of the

Mr. HORNUNG's *Raffles* showed us how to become burglars. Another author is now catering for those who wish to go a step further. A weekly paper announces:—

MURDER MADE EASY

BY
G. R. SIMS.

There is now no excuse for any one failing to become a complete criminal.

According to *The Sketch* "there is a physical reason why women make better speakers than men, and that is the superior construction of the larynx." They "can speak literally for hours without experiencing undue fatigue." We begin to understand why M.P.s tremble at the thought of the election of women to Parliament.

We were sorry to read the other day that a testator had inserted in his Will a penalty for any daughter of his who should marry a minister. In our opinion clergymen are no worse than other people, and the discrimination is unjust.

The Holland Park Skating Rink, an advertisement tells us, will open "in the Fall." It sounds ominous.

"A loan by post anywhere, to all classes; note of bath (h. and c.); terms mod.; month or longer."
Advt. in "*Daily Mail*."

This is not at all our idea of the ordinary moneylender.

The Ubiquitous Scot.

"The Prince and Princess Kuni held a levee during the afternoon. Colonel Robert M. Thompson introduced to their royal highlanders several of his friends."—*New York Herald*.

"He is reported to be a tremendous traveller, his journeys having taken him to almost every part of the world—including some of the least inaccessible."—*The Globe*.

It is only a report, mind, that he has ever been to Piccadilly.

The Sphere finishes its account of the wedding of Madame CLARA BUTT's sister in this way, the sequence of ideas being very clear:—

"The newly-married couple were the recipients of many handsome presents from their numerous friends, and are spending their honeymoon in Paris. Madame Clara Butt's beautiful voice may now be heard on some new records of the Gramophone Company.—(Advt.)" The little word in italics is ours.



Extract from a letter from Bertie to his friend Percy.—"DEAR PERCY,—THE DAUNCEYS, WITH WHOM I AM STAYING, ARE AWFULLY DECENT, AND DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO MAKE MY VISIT ENJOYABLE. FOR INSTANCE, WHENEVER WE GO SHOOTING, THEY GIVE ME A WHOLE FIELD TO MYSELF."

new Harmsworth publication leads off with the cautionary words:—

"LOOK OUT!"

"Picture postcards," says a contemporary, "are much more ancient than is generally supposed." We have perused some of the comic ones and heartily support this theory.

"THE FORTUNATE ISLES.
IN THE CANARIES WITH A CAMERA"
is the title of a review in a contemporary. But surely the Fortunate Isles are those where there is no one with a camera?

Harvard House, which was opened by Miss CORELLI last week, is to be a home for Americans visiting Stratford-on-Avon. Curiously enough, when we were last in that town, it seemed to us that what was wanted was a haven of refuge for our own countrymen.

THE WANDERWOCH.

[Hints to Liberal M.P.'s on the best way of utilising their brief holiday. It has been suggested that if they spent the week in stumping the constituencies it might be called The Jabberwocky. This suggestion has been courteously declined.]

REST, rest, perturbed spirits, and repair
The pallid veins where once the blood ran red
Ere yet the small hours blanched your raven hair,
Hollowed your eyes and wore you to a thread;
Shake off your megrims, go your blithesome way
Far from the dust of that infernal Forum;
Break into laughter, run and romp and play
Hiccockalorum!

Stay not to work the latest Budget out,
As GEORGE suggested (talking through his hat);
Let those who made it maul the Bill about,
Your idle hands were never meant for that;
Don't waste your time and precious stock of wit
On stuffy tasks when earth and sky and water
Can give you better game—and every bit
As ripe for slaughter.

While there are salmon spoiling for a fly,
And grouse that want you badly in the butt,
And hares to mock you with a backward eye,
And conies to provoke the loud "Tut, tut!"
With driven partridges to make you sport,
Swerving at sight of your pronounced apparel,
And pheasants which occur—the tamer sort—
Close to your barrel.

Or haply you will go for gaudier game,
Dukes and the like, and follow on the scent
Of those ground-vermin who, to England's shame,
Batten upon an unearned increment;
Stumping the provinces, you'll take your stand
And cry from hustings, motor-car, or steeple,
"Down with the Lords! and, on the other hand,
Up with the People!"

Renewed (by these pure joys) in heart and brain,
Back to the Budget Bill fresh courage bring,
Trim, and re-trim, and trim it once again,
Till not a soul can recognise the thing!
Then, when you're ready for the knife to fall
And carve the victim up for chop or fillet,
What if the Peers—unkindest cut of all—
Refuse to kill it?

O. S.

Why Motor Associations are so Popular.

LORD KINGSBURGH, President of the Scottish Automobile Association, as reported in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*:—

"He had seen a woman rush up when her child was run over in a town, and, instead of abusing the driver, whip the child. That was what he called common sense."

"Still another prize will be offered for the competitor who performs one circuit of the aerodrome in the slowest time, and, as this has never been accomplished before, it is more than probable that Blackpool will establish another record—that is, if the elements and the conditions are favourable."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch*.

A strong circular wind against you might be of some help.

Confession.

"The silent voter had to be reckoned with, and thoughtful men were not Socialists, nor were they Nonconformists."

This (according to *The Daily Mail*) from Sir ROBERT PERKS!

THE WRECK OF "THE ARK."

ALL went well, as journalists say, until we entered the harbour. You might think, as I did before I made the acquaintance of this one, that a harbour was a nice safe place for a motor-boat to put into. There we sat, all unsuspecting of danger—the Captain's wife and the Visitor and the Babe at one end of the boat, and the Captain and the Engineer and the Crew at the other end. One end was called the stern, and the other end was called the bow; but I gathered from the conversation generally that it did not matter which end was called which. This may have been because on shore the Captain was a doctor, and the Engineer was a chauffeur, and the Crew was a novelist, and the Visitor was a suffragette. The motor-boat was not a motor-car on shore, but directly we arrived in the harbour it took to behaving like one, and, when it had run over several fish and a wooden post that was sticking up in the water to warn us to keep away from it, it went aground.

The Crew, with great presence of mind, yelled "Star-board!—no, I mean Port!" and the Captain, under the stress of circumstance, told us all to get out of the way; and the Babe, who reads boys' books, jumped up and down and said, "What fun! Have we sprung a leak, and shall we fetch the shore?" Then, suddenly, the Engineer remembered he was a chauffeur and said, "Reverse the engine, Sir," as you would if you had run over a man instead of a fish; and then a lot of mud was stirred up, and the Captain's wife wished she had worn her other skirt, and the Visitor said it was a blessing purple didn't mark, though white and green did.

Presently, as nothing moved except the dinghy, which strolled round to the side of the boat and looked up at us pathetically, the Crew said something about lightening the ship, whereupon the Captain's wife flung her arms round the Babe, while the Babe flung hers round the tea-basket, and the Visitor was heard to regret the absence of Cabinet Ministers among the ballast. The Captain followed this up with a further suggestion that we should take to the boats. There was only one boat, the little thing that was tied on behind; but of course in a shipwreck you never talk of taking to a boat.

"I'm not going to move till I've had my tea," said his wife firmly. "Perhaps by that time, if you stop disturbing the underneath part of the harbour, we shall be afloat again."

The Engineer's caustic remark that the tide was going down met with nothing but incredulity. "Perhaps it will go up again if we turn our backs on it," the Crew said facetiously.

We were just through with the jam sandwiches and were starting on the cake when the Engineer, not at all a nice person to have at a picnic, by the way, mentioned that if we did not take to the boats now we never should, because the dinghy was nearly aground too. Whereupon the Crew dramatically proposed that the women and children should be landed, while the men remained at the post of danger. This proposition sounded magnificent until one came to examine it, when it appeared that the women and children would have to go without their second cups of tea and their cake in order to walk home with a tired child across four miles of broken landscape, while their natural protectors sat and smoked until what time the tide should rise and bear them gallantly homewards.

"Privileges, forsooth!" scoffed the Visitor. "Give me penalties—I mean rights!"

The Captain rose to his full height and stood there with folded arms, irresistibly suggesting NAPOLEON—or was it *Peter Pan*? "The Babe must be got home before bedtime," he said in full rich tones, "and it is my duty to stand by the ship."



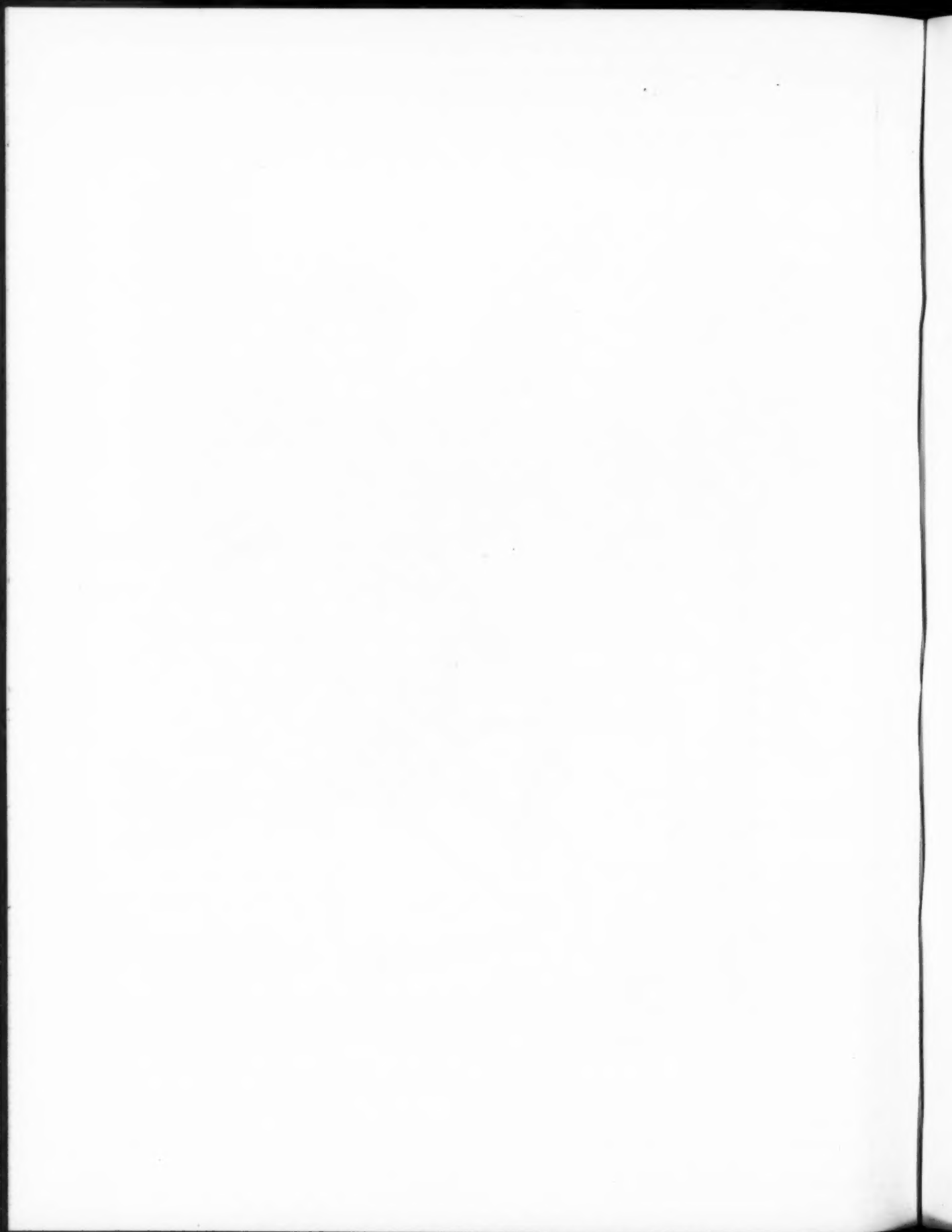
THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

LORD ROSEBERY
(the new Bombastes).

"WHO WOULD ON ME THESE BOOTS REPLACE
WILL FIND ME DEUCED HARD TO TRACE!"

[Exit.]

[Lord Rosebery's resignation of the Presidency of the Liberal League was accepted last Wednesday.]





AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD.

"SAY, DRIVER, WHAT'S THAT EDIFICE?"

"THAT'S ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, M'M."

"OH, SO YOU HAVE CARLEGES HERE!"

"You won't have any difficulty in doing that, darling, if the tide continues to go down at this rate," said his wife, as we rowed ashore.

We found the local Ancient Mariner most discouraging when we met him later. In his opinion *The Ark* could not be got off for a week; he talked also of neap tides. "If it was a spring tide now," he added kindly, seeing we were depressed.

"How could it be a spring tide in the autumn?" demanded the Captain's wife crossly; and we left the Ancient Mariner shivering his timbers.

After that the Babe was packed off to bed *sans phrase* because she predicted cheerfully that we should have to sit through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts; but her words came unpleasantly true, and as the hours went by, bringing no sign of the shipwrecked heroes, the Captain's wife said she knew now what it meant to be a mariner's widow, and the Visitor said warmly that she felt more and more that never until women were placed on the same, etc., etc.

"Yes," agreed her hostess, shivering over a blazing fire. "Think of the wretches all snug in the cabin with their ginger-beer—"

"There's only one bottle left," the Visitor felt bound in honesty to remind her. "No dinner—and it's just striking three A.M."

"Don't!" wailed the Captain's wife. "For all we know they may be drifting out to France. And he doesn't know anything but Esperanto."

Some hours later, a happy, washed and be-ribboned Babe came dancing down to breakfast and went out with her mother's opera-glasses to sweep the offing for some trace of the missing craft. She swept in vain, and came dancing in

again with a most tactless remark. "I spects they're having a nice warm breakfast now at the Haven Hotel," she said, and plunged into her porridge.

We went silently upstairs to try to remove all appearance of having passed a night in the train.

When they came home at three o'clock in the afternoon, having dug out *The Ark* with spades, we overwhelmed them with feminine sympathy. Could anything, we asked, be more cruel than the way brave men were sacrificed to duty, while women and children in the shelter of their homes merely sat up all night for them? "Sit down," we begged, "sit down and eat your dinner, your breakfast, and your luncheon before you speak one word!"

They sat down, rather unwillingly, we thought. "You see," began the Crew, "you see, there was a neap tide—"

"Yes," chimed in the Captain eagerly, "it got neapier and neapier—"

"Yes," echoed the Crew, "neapier and neapier and neapier and—"

"So we simply *had* to abandon the ship to its fate for the time being," ended the Captain on a high soprano note.

"Yes," shrilled the Crew, "yes."

The Visitor observed that they did not seem so very hungry considering they had not touched food for nearly twenty-four hours.

"And you have both shaved," added the Captain's wife in a tone of icy calm.

The Babe was crooning to her doll, "So the women and children was landed and sat through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts, while the gallant Captain—Daddy, were you comfy last night at the Haven Hotel?"

There was one of those long deep pauses which make England's homes what they are.

THE FIRST GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE documents in the case are these:—

Him to Me.

"Come and play golf on Thursday. What is your handicap? I expect you will be too good for me."

Me to Him.

"MY GOOD THOMAS,—Don't be silly. I will play you at cricket, tennis, lawn tennis, football (both codes), croquet, poker-patience, high diving, and here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush. If you insist, I will take you on at prisoner's base and billiards. Moreover, I can dance the *patane*.

Yours ever, ADOLPHUS.

P.S.—Anyhow, I haven't any clubs."

Him to Me.

"MY DEAR ASS,—I gather that you aren't a golfer; well, why not begin on Thursday? There will be nobody else playing probably. Meet me at Victoria 11.5. My brother is away, and I will lend you his clubs."

Me to Him.

(Telegram.)

"Is your brother out of England? Wire reply."

Him to Me.

"Yes. Sicily."

Me to Him.

"Right you are, then."

CHAPTER II.

"You know," I said to Thomas in the train, "I have played a little on a very small island off the coast of Scotland; but it was such a very small island that we never used a driver at all, or—what's that other thing called?—a brassy. We should have been into the sea in no time. But I rather fancy myself with a putter."

"You might go round with a putter to-day."

"I might, but I shan't. I expect to use the wooden clubs with great ease and dexterity. And I think you will find that I can do my little bit with the mashie. What's a niblick?"

"The thing you get out of bunkers with."

"Then I shan't want that."

CHAPTER III.

The fateful moment arrived. Thomas presented me with a ball called the Colonel, and a caddie offered me Thomas's brother's driver. He also asked me what sort of tee I should like.

I leant upon my club and looked at him. Then I turned to Thomas.

"Our young friend Hector," I said, "is becoming technical. Will you explain?"

"Well, do you want a high or a low one?"

"I want to hit this Colonel ball very hard in the direction of that flag. What do you recommend?"

"Well, that's just as you—"

"I think a medium one. Slow to medium."

The preliminaries being arranged, I proceeded to address the ball. My own instinct was to take the address as read and get to business as soon as possible, but in the presence of an expert like Hector I did not dare to omit the trimmings. As it was, after every waggle I felt less and less like hitting the Colonel. When at last I did let fly it was with feelings of relief that I discovered, on returning my eye to the spot, that the tee was indeed empty. I shaded my eyes and gazed into the middle distance.

"No," said Thomas, "it's more to the right." He indicated a spot in the foreground, about ten yards E.N.E. "There you are."

"That isn't my ball?"

"Yessir," said Hector, grinning.

"May I have it back?"

Thomas laughed and smote his own into the blue. "You go on from there," he said.

"I'm still aiming at the same flag?"

"Go on, you ass."

I went on. The ball again rolled ten yards to the east.

"I don't know why we're going in this direction," I said. "If I get much further east I shall have to send back Bartlett. You know I don't believe the Colonel is taking this seriously. He doesn't seem to me to be trying at all. Has he ever been round the course before?"

"Never. He's quite new to it."

"There you are. He'll come down at the ditch for a certainty."

I played my third. A third time we went ten yards to the east—well, perhaps a touch of north in it again. And this time Hector gave a sudden snort of laughter.

I leant upon my club, and stared him into gravity. Then I took Thomas by the coat and led him on one side.

"There are, Thomas," I said, "other things than golf."

"There are," he agreed.

"A man may fail temporarily at the game and yet not be wholly despicable."

"True."

"He may, for instance, be able to dance the *patane* with grace and distinction."

"Quite so."

"Well then, will you take this giggling child away and explain to him that I am not such an ass as I appear? Tell him that the intellectuals of Brook Green think highly of my mental powers. Assure him that in many of the best houses at Wandsworth Common I am

held to be an amusing *raconteur*. Remind him of my *villanelle* 'To Autumn.' For heaven's sake make him understand that my reputation does not stand or fall with my ability to use this brassy thing. I'm not a golf professional."

Thomas allowed himself to smile. "I will tell him," he said, "that you are not golf professional."

We veered right round to the east with my fourth, and then I became desperate.

"Why," I shouted, "do I hit the ball with a ridiculous club like this? I could send it farther with a cricket bat. I could push it straighter with a billiard cue. Where's that bag? I am going to have a lucky dip."

I dipped, and came up with what Thomas calls a cleek. "Now then," I said. I didn't stop to address the Colonel, I simply lashed at him. He flew along the ground at a terrific pace.

"Well kept down," said Thomas admiringly.

"By Jove," I cried, "that's never going to stop. See how he flies along . . . now he breasts the slope . . . look, he is taking the water jump . . . ah, he has crossed his legs, he's down."

"This," I said to Thomas as we walked after the Colonel, "is golf. A glorious game."

"What nonsense," I said to Thomas, "they put in comic papers about golf. All that about digging up the turf! . . . and missing the ball! . . . and breaking the clubs! I mean, I simply don't see how one *could*. Let's see, I've played four, haven't I?"

"Five," said Thomas.

"What I am wondering," he added, "is why you should have been afraid of using *any* club in your small island off the coast of Scotland."

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty strokes after.

"The green, the green," I shouted joyfully, in the manner of the ancient Greeks, though I was only on the edge of it.

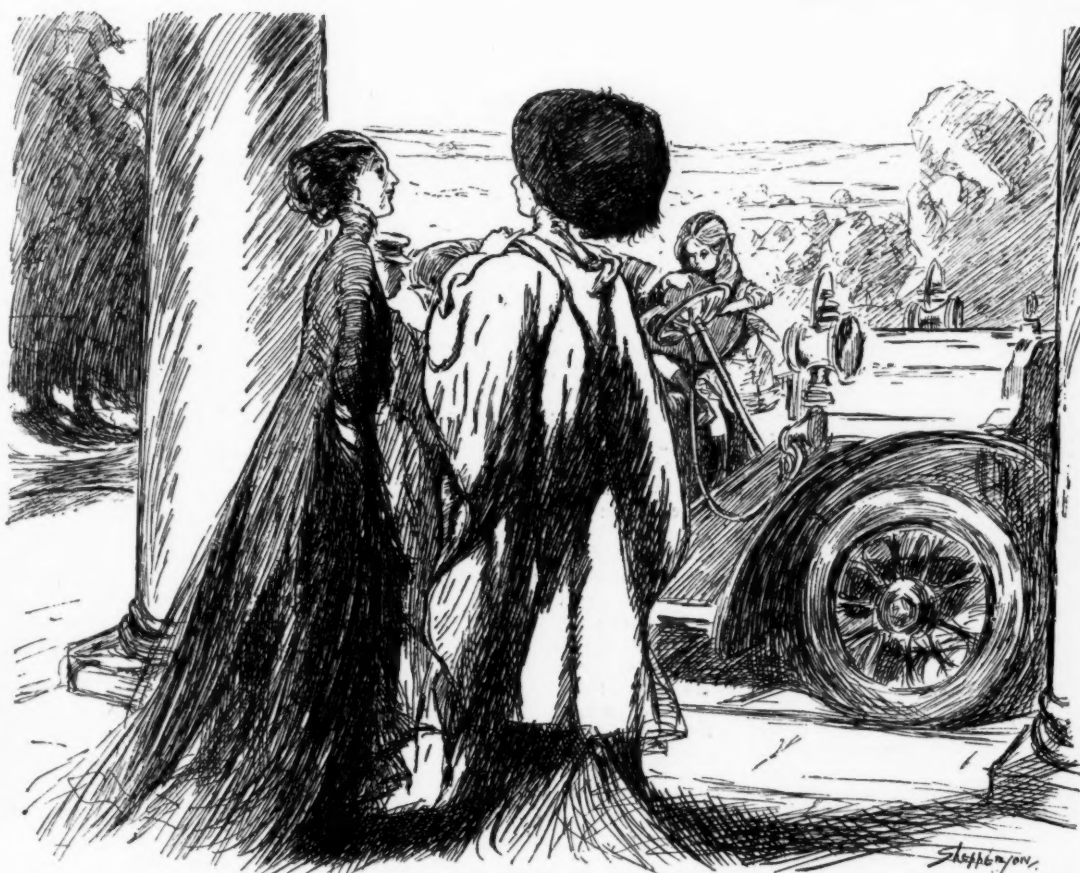
"Go on," said Thomas.

I took a careful aim and put the white down.

"You see," I said carelessly, leaning on my putter. A. A. M.

Now that evenings are drawing in, country-house hostesses are always glad to hear any new suggestions for amusing their guests during the awkward time between tea and dinner. We reproduce this week, therefore, a simple conjuring trick from *Tit-Bits*:

"When pressing a coloured dress, and you have the misfortune to scorch it, take a shilling or any silver coin and lay it flat on the scorched part and rub it briskly, and you will find it will disappear."



Visitor (to hostess whose small daughter is amusing herself by blowing up the air-cushion seat of a motor). "OH, DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE TO LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL DO THAT? SO LIABLE TO GIVE ONE CANCER, YOU KNOW! I ALWAYS LET THE BUTLER DO IT."

HANDBOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY TERMS.

(Mainly for the Majority.)

I. A WHIP.

(a) An underlined lithographed letter commanding attendance under the guise of a request. The urgency of a whip varies directly as the number and thickness of the underlines and inversely as the reluctance of the Irish to go into the other lobby.

(b) A human watch-dog who lets you in gladly for an all-night sitting but never lets you out again if he can help it. He is a stern upholder of numbers and a blind believer in them, but whereas he permits no single Member to pass him he may often be placated with a pair. He is generally abused without discrimination by those who have made his task difficult. His faith is summed up in a conviction that the absent (unpaired) are always wrong and that the present (when they vote against him) are never right. When four Whips are arranged in a line they bow beautifully, and may be produced as far as the Table of the House simultaneously.

II. A PAIR.

(a) A friend in need who helps you to go to bed because (i) he wants to go to bed himself, or (ii) he thinks he has had about enough of it, or (iii) he doesn't want his name to appear in the Division list.

(b) A combination of two mutually destructive voting machines for the purpose of maintaining the balance of parties and redressing the iniquities of late sittings and dull debates.

III. A DIVISION.

Divisions are such stuff as Acts are made of.

Divisions may be missed (when the doors are locked), or multiplied (when Sir F. BANBURY is present), or avoided (when a deal has taken place).

According to the frequency of his Divisions the many electors add reputation to the elected one, or subtract it from him. Yet the elected may enter the door and afterwards pass the Tellers without knowing why he has voted for what. Compare the common phrases of the Division Lobbies:—"What's this we're voting about?" "Is this the Closure?" "I don't know, they told me to come in here"; "I saw Harold Cox in the other lobby, so I came into this one."

IV. A SPEECH.

A method of spending breath without profit, and time without amusement.

A speech may be prolonged to infinity without meeting any arguments.

The Week's Notable Sayings.

Sir HERBERT TREE, as interviewed in a contemporary:—"Magna et ocritas, and it shall always prevail."

THE LORDS AND "THE CHRONIC."

THE Lords must go: that is certain. They have failed all round. Not only do they threaten the people's rights but they have even lost their old manners. Once upon a time, however headstrong and foolish the Lords might be in politics, they did practise the ordinary courtesies of society. If you asked them a question they replied to it. But now all that is changed.

On Monday we sent a telegram in these words to every member of the House of Lords:—

"Trade of the Country is suffering by uncertainty which exists as to fate of Finance Bill. Now that Bill is practically settled by House of Commons, Editor of 'Daily Chronic' would esteem favour if Lord — would say what he intends to do about it."

A moderate enough request, one would think, and one the answer to which is generally required. No self-respecting editor could do less than put it. In order that the chances of getting no answers might be reduced, we paid sixpence on each telegram for a reply—in the aggregate an immense sum.

And what happened? Will it be believed that only three Peers gave a satisfactory and straightforward answer; all honour to them! Earl DE LA WARR, consummate statesman as he is, although nominally a Conservative, sent us at once six hundred words, or five hundred and eighty-eight more than we had bargained for; but the novelty and rapture of being addressed at such length by a peer compensated us for the expense. His reply was a trenchant defence of the Budget, and an intimation that he should vote for it when it reached the Gilded Chamber. The Marquis TOWNSEND replied at once:—

"Shall not be present."

Here is a manly pronouncement, a model of straightforwardness which we invite some of his so-called peers to imitate. Earl ROSSLYN was equally explicit and courteous:—

"Shall be at Monte Carlo."

Some of the Peers whom we addressed sent non-committal replies. Even these, however, are not without their interest, although it is more on the human than on the political side. As one reads these little sheets of rustling thin paper one wonders if it is possible to wrest from them the secret of the writer's opinions. What, for instance, was behind the cool, calculating, and massive brain of Lord ROTHSCHILD when he sat in his great office in St. Swithin's Lane, and wrote the following telegram, and sent it to the post-office in Cannon Street:—

"In answer to your message, there is no doubt, I think, that the trade of

the country is suffering, but this is on account of the provisions of the Budget, and not for any other reasons connected with it. I shall do what I shall do."

This is a masterpiece of evasion, and one cannot but humbly and respectfully admire the author of it. Lord ROTHSCHILD was, of course, not under any obligation to answer our question, but the manner in which he has replied to our telegram, while ignoring the query, is beyond all praise.

This is comparatively polite, if uncivil. There are several other evasive answers that are contemptible in their want of common decency to members of the Fourth Estate. Lord LINDLEY, for example, actually brought himself to reply thus:—

"Do not know; ask no more."

The meaning of the first three words is beyond dispute: Lord LINDLEY does not know what he will do when the Finance Bill reaches the House of Lords. The second three words are problematical, but we fancy we know their meaning. His lordship's telegram was sent from Mulbarton, in Norfolk, five-and-a-half miles from Norwich. "Ask no more" is the wearied cry of a man enjoying a well-earned holiday, far from the turmoil of the Legislature, who does not wish to be troubled with any more editorial inquiries. Well, it shall never be said that we on *The Chronic* are incapable of taking a hint. We shall be very careful never again to ask Lord LINDLEY anything.

Worse remains. Lord LINDLEY is simply rude; but what of the cowards? Here is the reply from Chislehurst Park, the seat of the Earl of Chislehurst:—

"Lord Chislehurst is too unwell to reply."

There's a champion answer. Unwell, is he? We don't wonder. And he's going to be worse. They all are. The Peers are in for a pretty hot time, if we have our way, and mean and tricky little subterfuges like this won't help them much. For, of course, Lord Chislehurst isn't ill at all: he's simply hiding. He daren't come out into the open and show his hand.

Again, this is what we get from Milford House:—

"Lord Milford out of town."

Now there's a foxy answer. Look at it well. Carry it to the light. Take the reading-glass. "Lord MILFORD out of town." Did you ever see a statement that so palpably bore on its face all the insignia of evasion?

So much for the replies, the paucity and tone of which, always excepting the noble Earl DE LA WARR, speak volumes for the decay of the old principle, *Noblesse oblige*. As for those who did not reply, we have no words to

express our scorn and contempt. Apart from the loss of money—some hundreds of telegrams, reply paid—it strikes us as shoddy conduct in the extreme. That the Lords must go is now more than ever certain.

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

(With abject apologies all round.)

["'Dr. Cook was the dirtiest white man I ever saw,' said Mr. Whitney, who, after the explorer had rested, 'worked on him for nearly half a day with hot water and a brush.' He found Dr. Cook 'nothing but skin and bones,' and had difficulty at first in distinguishing him from the Eskimos."—*Press*.]

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82
Was plying a brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!
(So hard that it *must* have hurt.)
And all the time in a minor key
He sang the "Song of the Dirt!"

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
While the water is cooling fast,
And scrub—scrub—scrub,
As hour after hour drags past.
It's O! for a glimpse of pink;
If only on flesh I could look!
'Twould make me scrub with vigour
afresh,
If I knew it was really Cook!

"Scrub—scrub—scrub
Till I almost begin to sob,
Scrub—scrub—scrub
Will this brush last out the job?
Nose and forehead and ears,
Ears and forehead and nose,
How I long to be in a Christian land
Where a fellow could borrow a hose!

"The shape I am trying to clean
Is nothing but skin and bone,
Yet but for the terrible dirt
It seems so like my own;
It *seems* so like my own;
Poor chap! it makes me weep
To think that soap should be so dear
And ice should be so cheap.

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
My labour never flags,
And what shall I get?—A par or two
In the half-penny evening rags.
But there, I mustn't complain,
My name would never be seen
In even the most obscure of prints,
If Cook had been fairly clean!"

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82
Was plying his brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!
(So hard that it *must* have hurt)
And all the time in a minor key—
Which must have been jolly for Dr. C.!--
He sang this "Song of the Dirt!"



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VI.

LOUIS XIV. FINDS A SHELL ON THE BEACH, AS RECORDED BY A COURT PAINTER.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

[Lines attributed to one of those Socialists who have recently refused to acknowledge any connection between themselves and the Territorial Army.]

LET others, with mistaken zeal,
Prepare to gall th' invader's heel
With dreadful shot and awful steel
And things that burst;
Before the noble-minded, free,
And gentle Socialist will be
In any way concerned, he'll see
Them further first.

They are but slaves, who walk, and run,
Hither and thither—rain or sun—
Carry a rifle, serve a gun,
And creep and crawl
As tyrants bid them; they must do
Exactly what they're ordered to;—
It wouldn't be the thing for you
Or me, at all.

Men of our independent mould
Are little used to being told
To do our silly job and hold
Our silly tongue;
Yet, if we tried to state our views
On doing what we might not choose,

My comrades, in a brace of twos,
They'd have us hung!

It may be very well to save
Your native land (which rules the wave)
From alien enemies who crave
That noble site;
But who are we to lend a hand?
We tell them that it's *not* our land;
The dukes and classes have it, and
They'd better fight.

Ah, no! Let those prepare to bleed
That scorn our Socialistic creed;
We, brothers, who are all agreed
To stand alone,
May still pursue our settled plan
Of taking everything we can
From every other class of man
Except our own.

The only point we have to win
Is decent safety for the skin;
And, even if the foe comes in
And makes a fuss,
The Territorials, no doubt,
Will promptly come and turn them out;
They can't defend themselves without
Defending us. DUM-DUM.

THE NEW TYRANNY.

[To the great inconvenience of many foreign competitors, The Aero Club has laid its ban on the Doncaster flying week because it clashes with another at Blackpool, to which the Club has extended its sanction.]

SUBURBAN lady clerks who are in the habit of simply flying for their trains in the mornings are warned that the Aero Club will not permit this method of progress at any time that coincides with the Blackpool Aviation Meeting.

All migratory birds that have not yet left our shores must take notice that flight will not be permitted on the days of Blackpool's flutter.

Defaulting trustees are informed that during next week any sudden departure from this country that may be termed flight will be rigorously refused sanction by the Aero Club.

Master James Martin and his brother, of Streatham, who had completed all arrangements for a kite-flying contest on the Common with their uncle John next Tuesday, have received a registered letter from the Secretary of the Aero Club to say that this thing is not to be.



Worried Captain (as the Colonel signals some invention of his own, apparently a combination of the Extend, the Close, and the Halt).
"NOW WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Resourceful Sub. "EXTREME NERVOUS TENSION, AIRSHIPS IN SIGHT."

THE CALL.

DEAR BROWNE-SMYTH,—Calls are of four qualities: the telephone call, the call on hostesses who supply free meals to deserving bachelors, the call of the blood, and the call to the Bar. Yours is to be of the fourth quality. Keep your ears open and, when you hear the Benchers of your Inn calling on the seventeenth of this month, indicate by a brief gesture that you are there. I cannot help thinking that you have been successful with your examinations, or the Benchers would not be making all this noise. Let me congratulate you upon having completely deceived a reputedly intelligent set of examiners.

If the immediate awe of your relatives permits them to jest at all they will probably make some humorous reference to other less respectable but more profitable bars. There's many a true word spoken in, etc. Having qualified yourself by a course of three years' dinner-eating, you will finally become a barrister by one night's drinking. Between you and me, this "call" is a euphemistic way of describing a little razzle-dazzle with the Benchers. For you, the razzle-dazzle will consist of one glass of port, sherry, or marsala.

For this night only you will be GREAT, not only in the eyes of your proud parents, but also in those of the Pro-

fessional News Distributors, Match Merchants, and Gentlemen at Large who hang round the entrances to the Temple. They are sufficiently in the know to see what it is all about, but are not so overfed with the prospect of beautiful young men in evening dress as to despise them. Make the most of your "moment," for this one glass of port will cost you upwards of £100, and drink at that price per glass is not to be tossed off lightly or to be upset carelessly down the shirt front.

Make the most of yourself by idle boasting of the future and frequent appearances in the new wig and gown afterwards. It will take all your efforts to keep the popular interest alive. Your most enthusiastic female relatives will lose all interest, and even contrast you unfavourably with poor Cousin Tom who makes £90 a year in a bank, unless you are made Attorney-General within a month of your call. Be thankful that they do not in these days insist on the Woolsack for you, but also do not be too certain of this Attorneyship. The next election, I am told, cannot take place much before January, and, even if the results necessitate a change of Law Officers, there are reasons, which I am not at liberty to reveal, why they may not hit on you for their Attorney-General.

Finally, keep your copy of *The Times*

of the day after your call, in which that great incident is mentioned. It will be the last gratuitous reference to you in public print for about five years. The next one, when it comes, will be in the local rag of some unknown circuit town, where a prisoner will be lucky enough to be prosecuted by you. It will be only because the reporter was not competent enough to make the observation, or the editor not bold enough to print the statement, if that notice omits to mention how thoroughly badly you conducted the prosecution.

Your Fellow-sufferer, ROBINSON.

Why Men Rest their Feet on Chairs.

"According to a social authority the masculine habit of resting the feet upon another chair than the one occupied by the sitter has its origin in the instinct of self-preservation."

Weekly Scotsman.

We agree. We've tried putting our feet on the same chair as the one occupied by the sitter (ourselves), and it isn't anything like so self-preservative.

Little Known Heroes.

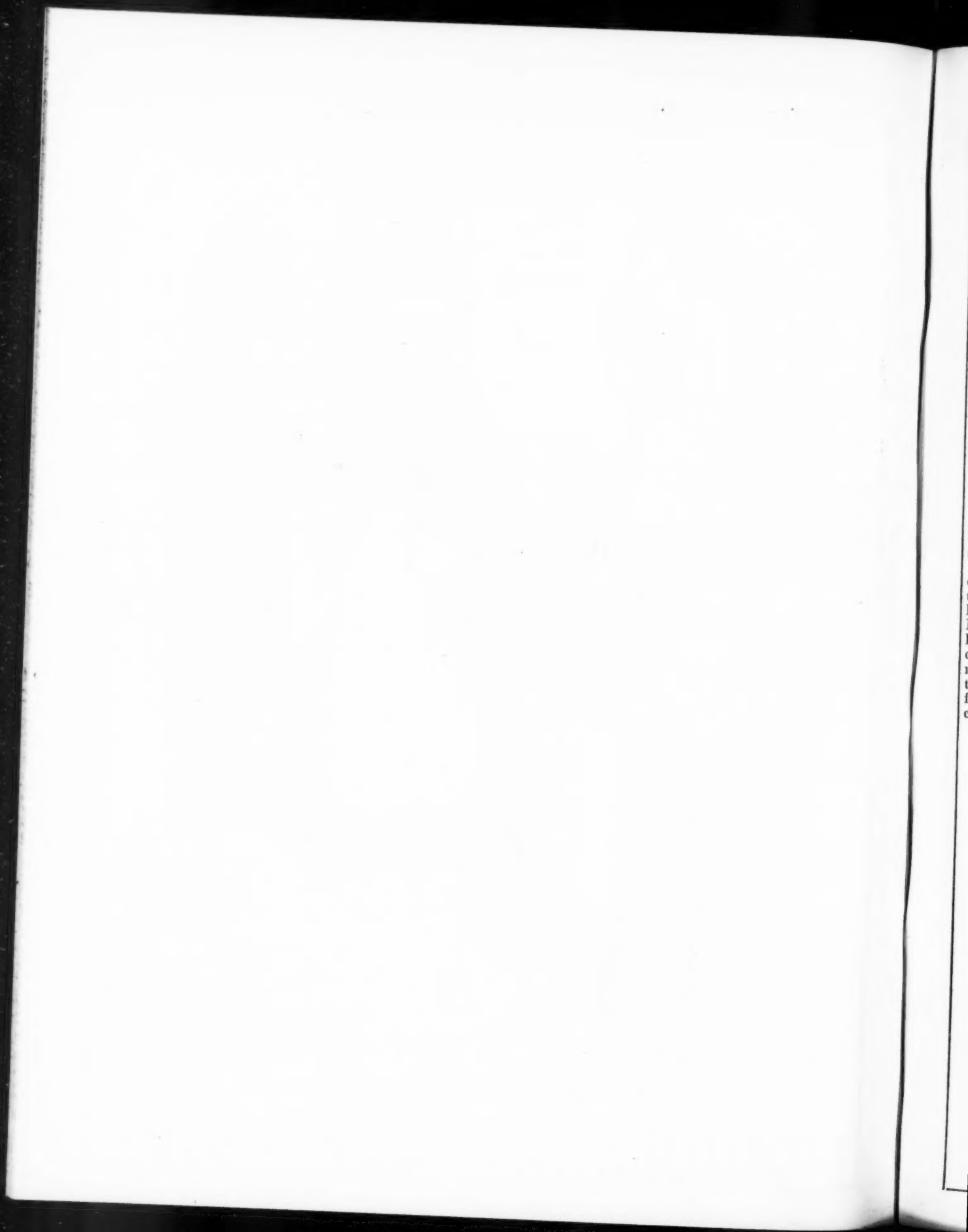
"After the match there was a supper and social, when there was a large attendance. . . . Messrs. G. Armstrong and W. Thompson were the carvers, and Mrs. Thos. Crellin boiled the water."—*West Cumberland Times.*



PARLIAMENTARY GOSSIP.

CHARWOMAN OF HOUSE OF LORDS. "YOUR PEOPLE GONE AWAY FOR A BIT O' QUIET THINKING?"

CHARWOMAN OF HOUSE OF COMMONS. "WELL, O' COURSE, I DON'T KNOW NOTHINK, BUT YOU MARK MY WORDS, THERE 'S HINFLUENCES A-GOIN' ON. 'OWEVER, MUM'S THE WORD, GOD BLESS 'IM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 4.

—Wasn't it HAZLITT who made shrewd observation that in a transpontine theatre no one ever heard conclusion of sentence beginning, "A man who raises his hand against a woman except in kindness —" So quick and thunderous was applause of gallery that the actor's voice was lost in the roar. In the matter of chivalry towards womankind the Commons yield first place to nobody. This makes all the more significant the chilling reception which greets appeals made from time to time for imprisoned Suffragettes.

This doubtless largely due to personality of self-appointed champion. Though, as the name indicates, Don't KEIR HARDIE's principles are based on negations, he is particularly alive to opportunity of asserting himself when gratuitous advertisement is forward, whether the objects of his passionate sympathy dwell in India or in London.

Up again to-night with catechism addressed to HOME SECRETARY with intent to show that Suffragettes are being inhumanly tortured in Birmingham Gaol. MASTERMAN—whose answers throughout have been the more effective by reason of their cool courtesy and extreme matter-of-fact character—showed that the treatment of artful abstainers from food is a common practice in analogous cases in hospitals and prisons. It is



Pouring unpalatable truths into Keir-Hardie against his will.

(Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Under Secretary to the Home Office.)

neither painful in process nor harmful in result. Food prepared in the ordinary way is ready for the women if they will take it. If not, the prison authorities cannot be accessories to deliberate suicide. Therefore nourishment is administered.

No one rises to back up DON'T KEIR HARDIE in his latest crusade. On the other hand, cheers from both sides approve action of authorities, as described by UNDER SECRETARY.

The MEMBER FOR SARK wants to know who finds the money for this unwomanly farce. The Suffragettes can't go riding about in chariots for nothing, bedecking themselves with ribbons and giving bountiful breakfasts to each other on coming out of prison. Nor can they pay the expenses of spinsters of all ages living humdrum lives in the country who jump at opportunity of a free trip to London, free food and lodgings, with prospect of seeing their obscure names in the newspapers. It must cost something in the way of travelling expenses down to Kent to buffet Ministers on the golf links, and fling stones through their drawing-room windows under shelter of night. Who pays?

At outset of campaign husband of one of the women cast solitary gleam of humour on turbulent scene by announcing that he would contribute £10 a week to the cause as long as his wife was kept in prison. That source of revenue long since dried up. Who subsidises the continued antics, which



Mr. Keir Hardie almost sobbing with anguished indignation that some poor misguided women should be denied the glory of death by inanition.



THE HON. MEMBER FOR THE BASAN DIVISION.

A suggestion sympathetically tendered to Mr. Hilaire Belloc. If he were to adopt it, we could almost guarantee that his voice would carry even to the most distant portions of the House.



How they will look if the Budget discussion goes on much longer.

include attempts to mount buildings where public meetings are held in order to fling down bricks on the heads of the hapless audience?

Certainly they don't pay in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Schedules of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee.

Tuesday.—This the forty-sixth and penultimate sitting in Committee on Budget Bill. Time land was in sight. Things going hard with crew on weather-beaten barque. Many absent when muster called. The **SPEAKER**, who, owing to habitual sitting in Committee, has been practically a half-timer, fled for a while to his northern home. **EMMOTT**, whose health improves under extra strain of work, doubles his part. In Question time sits in **SPEAKER'S** Chair. When Mace removed from Table, hey, presto! becomes Chairman of Committees.

Liquor licences being to the fore, **PREMIER** undertakes to look after Bill. Hardly had House met when he has to leave post-haste for Balmoral, summoned to presence of his Sovereign. Members nudge each other. Shrewdly suspect this has some bearing on pending fight 'twixt Lords and Commons.

PREMIER rushes off to catch Scotch express. Leaves **INFANT SAMUEL** in charge. Someone with domestic instincts suggests a "small bottle." **CHAIRMAN** rules that, clause of Bill dealing with that subject being passed, further reference is out of order. So the **INFANT'S** feeding must take its chance.

Members settle down to what promises to be dull night. Forecast not belied. **FABER** read what from tone of voice and subdued attitude suggested Last Speech and Dying Confession prior to execution. Was merely moving amendment omitting the words "Making the duty equal to half the annual value of the licensed premises." **BELLOC**—whose name **WINSTON** wilfully pronounces as if it were spelt Bellow—momentarily raised drooping spirits. His oratorical manner marked by cheery peculiarity. Starts speech with sudden shout, a sort of View Halloo which recalls to old Members memories of the hunt.

What **BELLOC** wants to whisper in ear of House is suspicion that Ministers are suborned by the arts and purses of millionaire cocoa-manufacturers. Looking into the cocoa cup, he discerns depths of infamy compared with which

tumblers of toddy are home-blessings in disguise.

HALL WALKER so moved by discovery of treason in our midst that he contributed most original idea that has yet flashed through debate. Protest being made against alleged design of Government to extinguish small licensed houses, gallant Colonel deployed in their defence. Declared axiom that public-house is, perhaps next to garments, absolute necessity for working-man.

"Fact is," he said, "every working-man requires two public-houses—one near his home, one near his work."

Member below Gangway, not to be outdone in generosity, suggested another midway, so that going and coming Weary Willie might drop in. No; **HALL WALKER** a man of moderate views. Not to be dragged into extremes. A public-house, say next door but one to his residence, another three doors distant from his workshop, should suffice any reasonable labourer.

Committee had heard of the principle of One Man one Vote. Something novel about this development of One Working Man Two Public Houses. Adjourned to think it over.

Business done.—In Committee on Budget Bill. Land in sight.

Thursday.—**THOMAS JOSEPH CONDON**, five times Mayor of Tipperary, in another respect soars beyond **DICK WHITTINGTON** inasmuch as he contributes practical suggestion for amendment of Parliamentary procedure. Puts long question to **CHIEF SECRETARY** setting forth particulars of the police hauling down American flag that flaunted over front of hotel in Dublin honoured by visit from Irish heroes who are not afraid to talk of '48. **ST. AUGUSTINE** remarks that he has only just received notice of the question.

"I will," he added, nodding genially to his interlocutor, "inquire into the facts."

"The facts," said the man of many mayoralties severely, "are as I have stated them."

House laughed; on reflection perceived the rejoinder conveyed valuable hint, designed to save trouble in Government Offices and expedite business in the House. Ordinary course pursued is that which **ST. AUGUSTINE** showed inclination to follow. Member sets forth a narrative of questionable particulars thinly disguised in form of interrogation. It is referred to officials, who spend hours looking into it. Minister reads in due course *précis* of their conclusions. Why not forthwith accept the facts as stated by hon. Member concerned? Nobody would be a penny the worse, irritation would be avoided, much time saved. Lacking the stimulus of Ministerial correction Members would



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

McScindle (who has been trying to sell a gun-shy dog, and has reluctantly been obliged to grant a trial). "MAN, WHAT DID I TELL YE? ISN'T HE FAST?"

speedily tire of recreation of presenting controversial matter in form of question.

Business done.—On stroke of two o'clock this morning Budget Bill through Committee. House, encouraged by prospect of a week's rest, takes up Development Bill with intent to pass it before adjourning for holiday.

From an Irish Seedsman's Catalogue:

"All seeds selected with the greatest care. Not accountable for the growth of any seeds."

They will sprout up sometimes; you simply can't help it.

"We have been appointed sole agents in Jamaica for —'s Antiseptic Preparations."—*Advt. in "Jamaica Gleaner."*

Trial bottles have been forwarded to Dr. COOK, Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The following appeal to gouty gentlemen appeared in a local paper:—

"When hopping for Christmas gifts call and inspect the large variety of fancy and useful presents now on exhibition."

"We shall be very thankful to whom who would kindly recommend our establishment to thin friends."

This advertisement comes from Rome, but it will be useless for Mr. BELLOC to pass it on to his friend Mr. CHESTERTON.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

[The fault of most of the classical compositions on this theme is that the writers of them were born in towns, and failed to catch the right bucolic spirit.]

SEASON, when the skies are fainter,
Spirit of the golden sheaves,
Whom the mythologic painter
Up in London town conceives
Not inelegantly bodiced
In a gown that's far from modest,
Principally made of flowers and leaves.

Autumn, would you have me utter,
When I see your boons dispersed,
Lots of laudatory butter,
Me of Little Medlinghurst?
Hymn you like the writing fellows
Whom romantic moonshine mellows,
Folks that ain't been country-born and nursed?

Shall I mention how Demeter
Gathers in the girded shucks?
How the happy peasants greet her
Laughing as the laden trucks
Leave their trails, as bright as
guineas,
Hanging from the roadside spinneys?
No, that's not the way we talk in
Bucks.

Yellow grain and bursting berry—
Think you these would make us glad?

Was there ever time so merry

British hearts could not be sad?

Bravely though the wheat be smiling,
Someone's oats are always spiling,
Turmuts too be ruination bad.

So it is through all the county;
Times in Pulborough is hard;
Notwithstanding "Ceres' bounty"
There's a mort of mangels marred;
Let the city poets render
Tributes to your blazing splendour.
Much they know of England, says the
bard.

Ay, and if you choose to tumble
"Cornucopias" about
Till there bairn't no ground to grumble,
Still the future hangs in doubt:
We'd be laying up, remember,
Sartin sure for next September,
Either too much rain or too much
drought.

"A barrister's son, 25, educated, &c., desires post, any capacity. . . . Will train along any indicated lines. Start when desired."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

For instance, if there was a vacancy at Dover College, he would train along the South Eastern and Chatham line, starting from Victoria just when the Headmaster desired him to, except, of course, that he would have to be guided by the timetable.

OUR LITERARY MINISTERS.

THE announcement that Mr. JOHN BURNS gave £1,000 for a Second Folio *Shakspeare* turns out to be an exaggeration, Mr. BURNS having fortunately secured this treasure at a much lower figure.

It is, however, stated on good authority that immediately after the great dock strike Mr. BURNS began to prepare a book on the relation of SHAKSPEARE to the Labour movement, but political work crowded upon him, and the book still remains to be written.

At the same time we understand that Mr. BURNS has sketched out a good deal of the work, entitled *Labour's Love Lost*, and that some of his emendations and comments will throw a flood of light on passages which have hitherto baffled the ingenuity of some of the ablest interpreters of the Bard of Avon.

The most remarkable of these is that *locus desperatus* in *Henry VIII.*, Act V., Scene 4:—

"These are the youths that thunder at a play house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Mr. BURNS satisfactorily proves, by a chain of incontrovertible evidence, that this passage is one of the many instances of SHAKSPEARE'S supernatural prescience, and identifies the "tribulation of Tower Hill" with Mr. JACK WILLIAMS, and the "limbs of Limehouse" with the supporters of another prominent demagogue.

One of his very happiest emendations deals with the line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

"I come to her and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget.'"

This, according to Mr. BURNS, should read:—

"He comes to me and cries 'budget'; I cry 'mum.'"

Even more felicitous is the exquisite addition which Mr. BURNS suggests to the words:—

"Gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Here he contends with great plausibility that the words "Government Board" have dropped out after the word "local."

Mr. BURNS, we may add, is great on parallels, and in a critical *excursus* gives good grounds for regarding BEN JONSON

as foreshadowing BEN TILLET; *Quince*, HARRY QUELCH; and *Portia*, Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB. He also goes fully into the question whether FRANCIS BACON was ever a West Ham Guardian or not.

In this context it is interesting to learn that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who recently acquired for the sum of £2,000 a splendid MS. copy of the *Georgics*, is preparing a monograph on VIRGIL'S views on unearned increment.

Sir EDWARD GREY has long been known as an ardent bibliophile. His latest acquisition is an *editio princeps* of *The Compleat Angler*, for which he gave a sum running into five figures. An article on

THE ALIAS.

"Mr. Asquith, travelling under the name of 'Mr. Herbert,' arrived in Aberdeen by the 7.22 East Coast express from King's-cross. He breakfasted at the station refreshment rooms and left by the 8.5 train for Ballater."

*The Ben Tussoch Hotel,
Andranochty, N.B.,
October 9th, 1909.*

MY DEAREST MARIA,—How is your indigestion? Feel greatly invigorated by my holiday. But what I chiefly want to tell you about is an event which gave me the proudest moment of my life—always excepting that in which you and I

became one in the bond of matrimony, my dear Maria. While waiting for my train in Aberdeen station early on Wednesday morning, I sauntered into the refreshment room for a cup of hot tea. There I beheld none other than the Prime Minister of Great Britain, quietly partaking of a frugal meal. (Lest you fall into your usual error of thinking that Sir HENRY NORMAN is our Premier, let me remind you that I refer to Mr. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.) The thought flashed into my mind that it would indeed complete my enjoyment of a sojourn in this land of rugged beauty if I might be favoured with some word from his lips. As he folded his napkin something impelled me to seize the opportunity ere it was too late. Rising quietly, and approaching him with dignity and in a courteous manner, I said:—

"May I be so bold as to venture to voice my heartfelt admiration of your great work, Mr. ASQUITH?"

He rose, and with a smile—a truly brotherly smile, I now remember—said, "My

name is Herbert."

I need hardly tell you, my dearest Maria, that this sudden proffer of friendship staggered me. All I could do was to seize his hand and in broken tones exclaim: "Thank you, Herbert; will you call me 'Horace'?"

His valet cut short our conversation by reminding my leader of his train, and so he left me, bestowing on me another smile. Thus am I favoured above most men in Surbiton, my love; and later on in the winter we must see what we can do about a little dinner to Herbert and his wife.

Your loving Husband,
HORACE.

MR.
H. B. IRVING

WILL MAKE HIS REAPPEARANCE IN LONDON

BY
H. W. STEVENSON

"Who said it was a foul!"



18,000 UP
PRECEDED BY
"THE BELLS"

IZAACK WALTON'S views on Dry Flying Machines by Sir EDWARD will shortly appear in the Stockbridge Parish Magazine.

Mr. HALDANE has undertaken to write an exhaustive study of SCHOPENHAUER'S views on the value of captive balloons in blockades, and Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL is credited with the intention of writing a compendious treatise dealing with MILTON'S opinions on the Licensing Question.

Lastly, Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT recently purchased at a fabulous price the MS. of one of the unpublished plays of his brother, Mr. ROBERT HARCOURT. He is now engaged on a witty brochure entitled, "Why I believe in the Censor."



Landlord (also sitting Member for district). "By the way, DOBBINS, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU I'LL SEND A MAN UP AND HAVE THAT SHED OF YOURS MENDED AS SOON AS YOU LIKE."

Dobbins. "THANKEE, SIR. THEN IT BE TRUE THAT GENERAL ELECTION BE A-COMIN' ON?"

RAISING THE WIND.

"Yes," he said, "we were awfully stoney, but it's better now. We tidied over the crisis all right."

"Do tell me how," I said. "The last time I saw you it was hopeless."

"Jenny had an inspiration," he replied. "She went to visit an old school friend who was having a baby, and the thought came to her then."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, it's like this. If you have a baby and advertise it in the papers you get all kinds of truck sent you."

"I know," I said. "It's a regular nuisance."

"Oh, is it?" he replied. "Wait a bit. Look at these."

He handed me three tiny slips of paper. On one I read:—

HIGGINSON.—On Wednesday, the 29th September, at 4, Wellington Road, W., the wife of HENRY NOBLE HIGGINSON, of twins, daughters.

On another:—

MAYOR.—On the 2nd October, at 98, Orme Square, W., the wife of ROBERT FOXWELL MAYOR, of twins, son and daughter.

And on the third:—

SOLLY.—On the 4th October, at 99, Richmond Villas, W., the wife of ADOLPHUS SOLLY, of triplets, sons.

"How odd!" I said, as I returned the

slips. "Two twins and one triplets. That must be very unusual."

"Very," he said, "but not impossible. Not too unlikely for good art."

"Art?" I enquired.

"Of course," he answered, "all those are fakes. Inventions. But the addresses are real: friends of mine live there."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Why," he replied, "it's as plain as ninepence. These advertisements cost me six bob each, a sum which I had no difficulty in borrowing after I had explained the scheme. They go into the Press, and at once the firms that send out all the free truck begin to get to work. Here comes in the point of the twins and triplets, because the firms send twice or three times as much. Do you see? Now I'll tell you what the harvest is, down to date.

"Seven bottles of an excellent beef extract, retail 3s. 6d. a bottle.

"Seven pieces of perfectly beautiful soap, worth 6d. a cake at least.

"Seven boxes of very superior violet powder, at say 1s.

"Seven pairs knitted socks, worth 1s. a pair.

"Twenty-one tins of assorted food for babies, at say 1s.,

and an odd lot of patent safety pins and things like that. Of course some of the

people only sent things on approval, to be paid for if kept. The cheek of them! But most were free, as they ought to be."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Well, Jenny unloaded the lot on young mother friends of hers for three pounds, or over 200 per cent. on our outlay. Brainy, isn't it?"

I agreed very cordially.

"The festivities will be continued on Monday, when a great lifeboat saving demonstration will be performed by the Duchess. Other events of great moment will also take place."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

Look out for her Grace's new volume, *Lifeboats I have saved*.

Mrs. PANKHURST, as reported in *The Times*:—

"She was going to America for a few weeks, but would return for the test case. If she had to go to prison with her 94 comrades they would be 94 'hunger-strikers.' (Cheers.)"

Either Mrs. PANKHURST's resolution or her arithmetic is not to be trusted.

"In case of fire communicate with A. B., Fire Loss Assessors and Valuers."—Advt. in *"Manchester Guardian."*

If you are uninsured it is perhaps better to communicate first with the nearest fire brigade station.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PEOPLE who regard with righteous indignation and not a little personal loathing the mere possibility of a burglar couchant under their bed o' nights, gather round the cracksmen of fiction in admiring crowds. If their criminal carefully divests his crime of every possible extenuation, steals because he likes stealing and happens to be called *Raffles*, their enthusiasm becomes unbounded. Mr. HORNUNG was to be congratulated in the beginning of things for boldly recognising this innate immorality of the reader and allowing his hero-villain no merit save good sportsmanship. But is he to be congratulated either on protracting the existence of the popular idol, or on finding for him a dully virtuous end to justify his charmingly disreputable means? With all its easy style, occasional humour and pleasant seasoning of love interest, Mr. *Justice Raffles* (SMITH, ELDER) rarely rises above the level of everyday criminal fiction. The devices employed for the rescue of friends from the clutches of a moneylender are hardly ingenious enough to be worthy of the amateur cracksmen, and, when he sits in mock judgment on the melodramatic blood-sucker and rebukes his rather conventional sins in no very original manner, the situation becomes a little ridiculous and *Raffles* himself something of a prig. Frankly, the reader may feel at the end of the book that, though he would like a lot more of Mr. HORNUNG, he has by now had almost enough of Mr. *Raffles*.

American novel-readers must, I think, be wonderfully simple and unsophisticated folk. Here, for example, is MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT, whose press-notices proclaim her one of their best-established favourites, serving up, in *Poppea of the Post-Office* (The MACMILLAN Co.) material that was threadbare in these islands before the days of DICKENS. In an early chapter we hear how the pretty wife of rich and proud John Angus was driven from home by her husband's coldness, and how, some time later, baby *Poppea* was found abandoned on the steps of the village post-office. The child is adopted by old postmaster Gilbert, and brought up as his own; but years afterwards, when she has grown into the heroine of the tale, and proud John Angus has married and lost another wife, chance reveals *Poppea* to be none other than his own daughter by the ill-treated first. Well, with no desire to swagger about it, I must say that personally I guessed that in one. John Angus has also a son, a cripple, whom he treats with jealous affection, forbidding him the friendship of his half-sister at the post-office, and generally behaving in an overbearing and *Dombey*-ish manner, which I only did not mind because I was so sure that he would relent in the end. As indeed was the case. Seriously, however, there are features in the book that redeem the somewhat fustian character of its plot; the picture it gives of rural life in America at the time of the Civil War is one, and another is a certain delicacy of writing that I would like to see more worthily employed. It is published at five shillings, a reduction that appears to have been rendered possible by the quality of the paper, though it is far better worth half-a-

crown than the majority of those for which six shillings is charged.

In his first essay in romance, *Anne Inescourt* (GRIFFITHS), MARCUS SERVIAN shows a nice sense of character, and not merely of the kind that carries a label and lives in a pigeon-hole. His dialogue, too, is taken down from the living voice. Such signs of inexperience as one expects from an untried hand betray themselves rather in his narrative style, which lacks, at any rate in the first part of his book, the right note of confident simplicity. The story itself, on the other hand, moves forward naturally enough to the tragedy of its conclusion, asking no assistance from those strained coincidences and melodramatic shocks which are apt to occur in a first trial of strength. The scheme of the book is a bold one, for it takes a fairly courageous writer to disregard popular sentiment and to demonstrate how poor in actual life are the chances of poetic justice when it runs up against the cursed irony of things. Here a good man's happiness is ruined, not through the faithlessness of his wife, but through his own fidelity to the word of honour by which he was pledged to take her back if she wanted to return—a promise

on which her cowardice falls back at the very moment when he is about to free himself and find consolation in the love of a woman who is worthy of him. I compliment Mr. SERVIAN on his hardihood in foregoing the comfortable ending which threatened to issue out of much evil. The home scenes, I should add, are laid among the marshes of the Norfolk coast, whose colours the author has not only observed lovingly for himself, but seen also, as he should, through the eyes of his characters. I could wish that his printer's reader had done as much for us others.



A CHANCE FOR TRUE POLITENESS.

South Pole Explorer (to Second Ditto). "AFTER YOU, SIR!"

"Here come the Limbersnigs marching along!" So ran the National Anthem of that unique race whose legend has just been published by MESSRS. LAWRENCE AND JELlicoe; and such should be the cry of all Nice Children as soon as they set eyes on this herald of the season of Delectable Books. FLORA and LANCELOT SPEED, the authors of *The Limbersnigs*, seem, between them, to know exactly what is wanted in this kind. The story, simply and very freshly told, with just the right touches of irresponsible fun, serves as an excellent thread on which to hang the pictures. Some in harmonies of brilliant colours, some in black-and-white, Mr. SPEED has painted and drawn them with so generous a fancy and a humour so lavish of detail that we are never done with them, and don't want to be. The plan of the *Limbersnigs'* castle and the map of their city are alone an occupation for a week of British climate. If between now and Christmas any two people produce a better book for children, I should like to hear of it.

"In an interview Mr. Orville Wright said he had never flown so high before. He estimated the altitude at 500 metres. It took him five minutes to ascend and only five minutes to descend. The downward speed was simply terrifying."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

A little under four miles an hour is indeed a terrifying speed. He must have been scared with wondering if he would ever get to earth again.